MR. SUN

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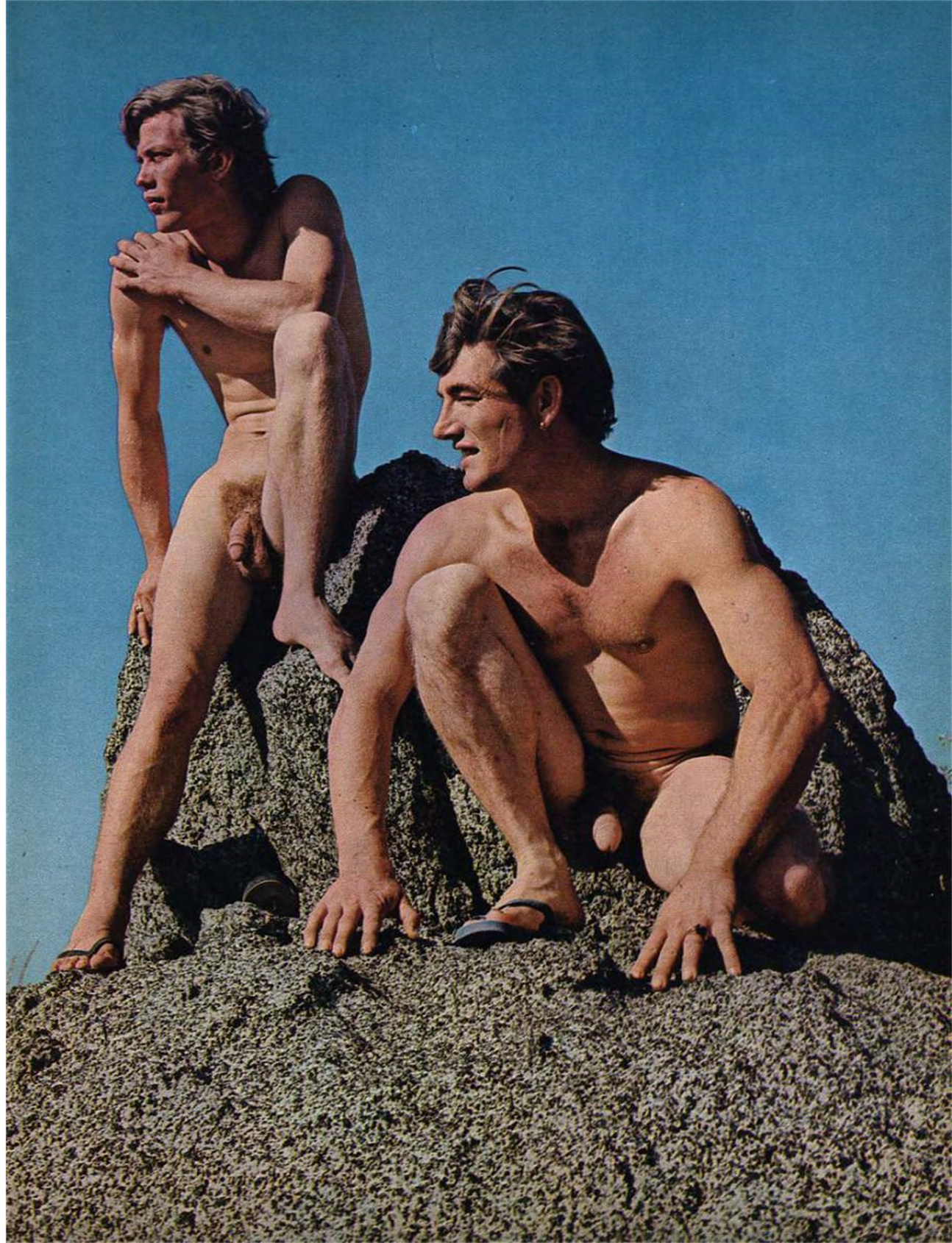
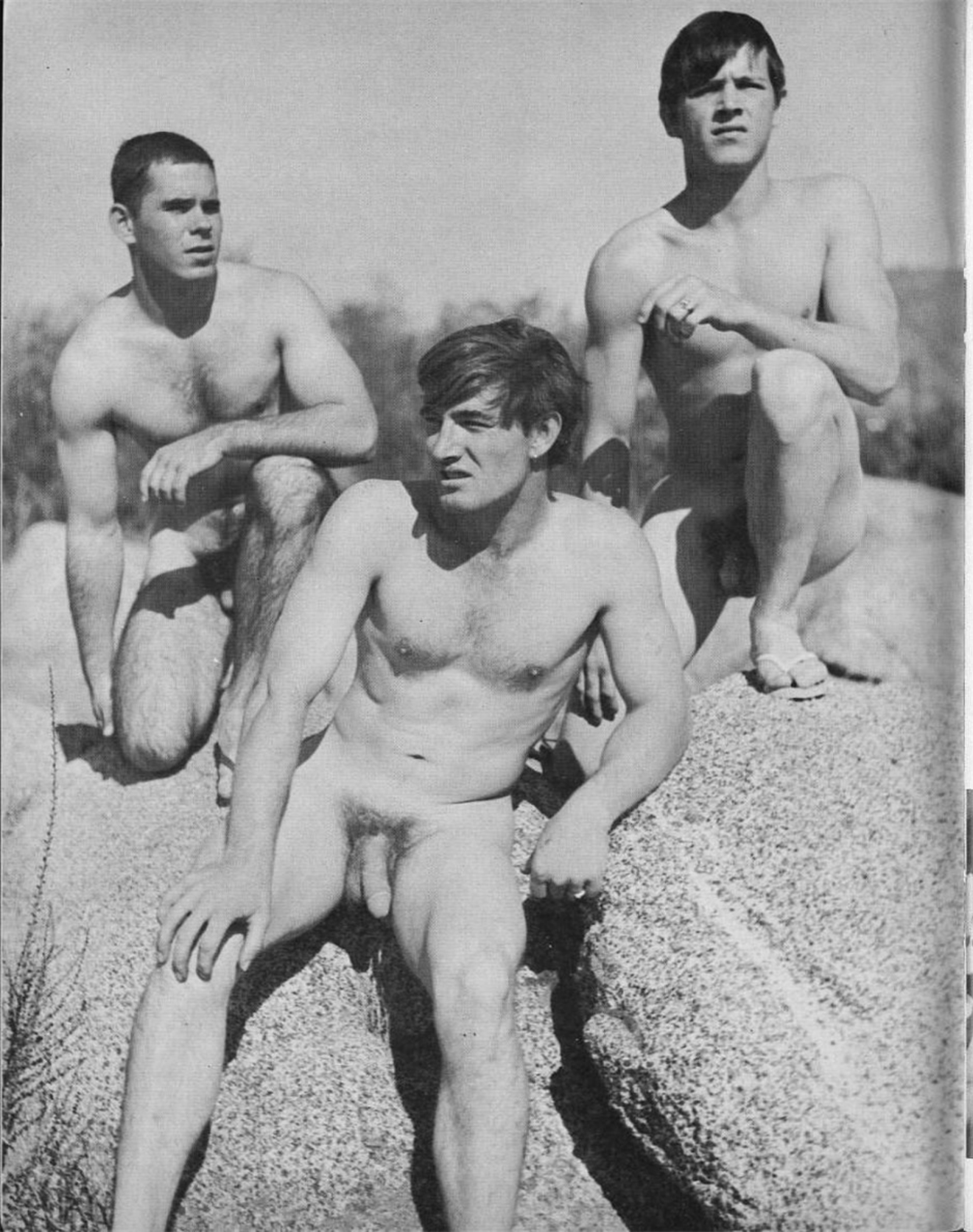
Jean-Jacques Rousseau: Philosopher of Freedom

Two hundred years ago, this great French philosopher was the first to sing the glories of the Noble Savage, living in primitive, naked innocence under the life-giving sun. Rousseau was persecuted for holding that Natural Man had been corrupted by civilization and its restrictions. His ideas, revolutionary in their time, have inspired countless modern writers and philosophers, from Freud to Sartre.





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MR. SUN

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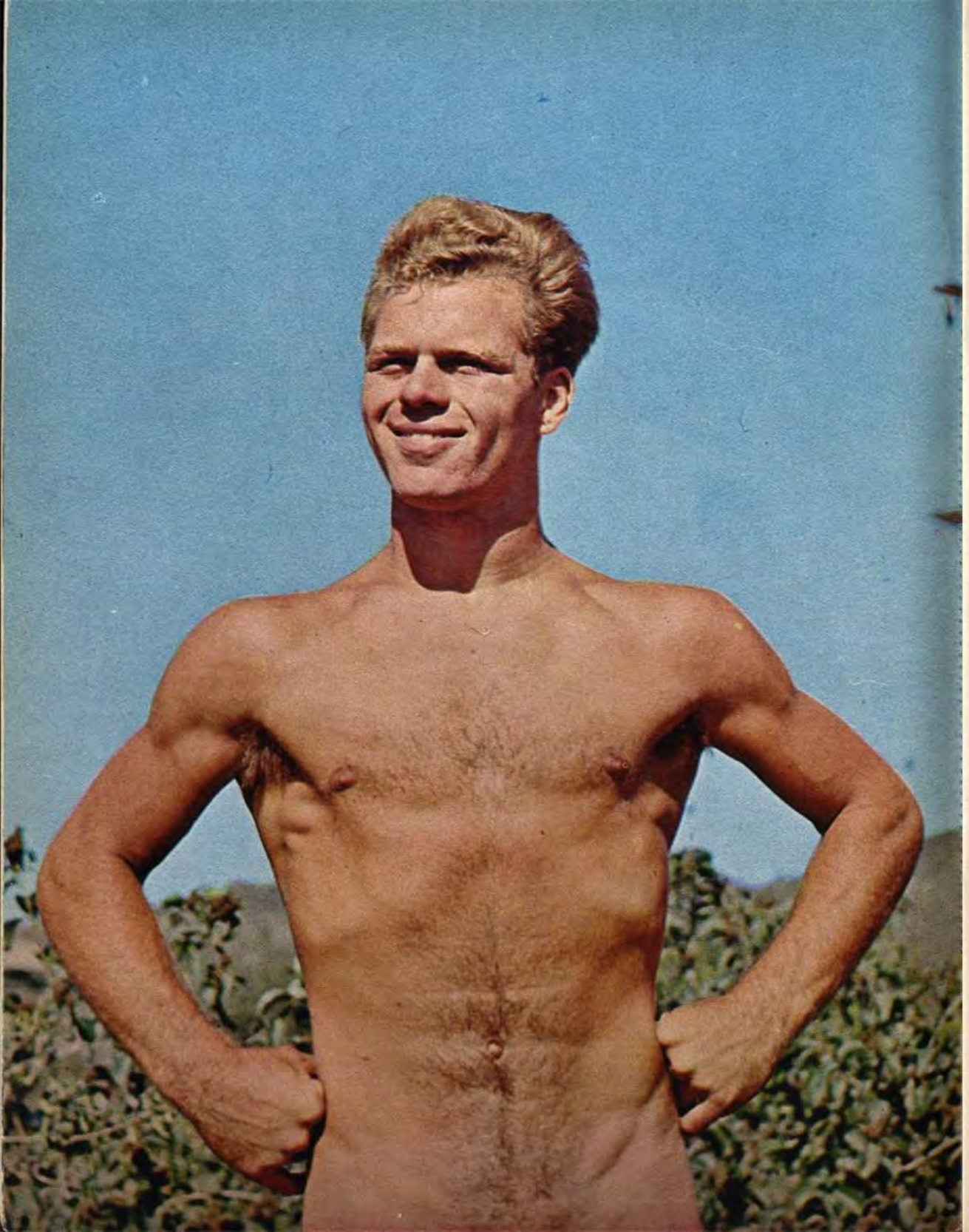
EDITORIAL

For a long time, it was suspected that there would be a greater interest in nudism by single men if they were only given half a chance. That half a chance was very hard to come by in the average nudist park of the U.S., and thus the myth that men were not interested in nudism as such was maintained.

That attitude has changed, however, with the advent of the quiet revolution in nudism, or in other words, the acceptance of casual nudity in American life. No longer is the single male nudist dependent upon the whim of a recognized nudist park in order to enjoy the health and benefit of all-over exposure to sun and air. It is not that the male nudist would not still welcome an invitation to a park, it is simply that he no longer needs the park in order to practice nudism. The era of casual nudism has taken care of that, making it more than just an idle phrase the idea of living without clothing wherever it is comfortable and where it does not offend.

The wherever of casual nudism is literally everywhere. American nudists are finding lonely stretches of beach areas ideal for sunbathing and swimming in the altogether. In this, however, they are merely discovering something that has been part of the European scene for years. The "free" beaches of Europe are something that the American nudist movement should aspire to, a place in the sun for everyone, male and female and those who want to enjoy swimming in the nude as well as those who want to wear a bathing suit.

The deserts and mountains are also places in the sun for displaced male nudist, as well as right in his own city-type backyard, the roof of his apartment. The casual look in nudism is certainly here to stay, and we at MR. SUN hope to bring you more and more features of the wide scope of casual nudism as it particularly pertains to the men of the movement.



Some city dwellers have found a place in the sun, above the traffic's roar!

THE ROOFTOP NUDISTS

Cities got you down? Feel the crush of asphalt and steel against your wild, free spirit? Don't give it another thought. The nudist park may be an agonizing churn of wheels over rumbling madcap freeways, but you're not shut off from sunlight like some cellar-dwelling tuber turning white in the dankness. Not if you follow the sun like these rooftop nudists who have discovered the light at the top of the stairs!

Penthouse sundecks that once were the exclusive domain of the jazz age affluent are just about as common now as garrets once were for dark-seeking suffering artists in those same raucous Twenties. Flat-roofed houses dot the hills of cities so fortunate as to have these natural Babylonian towers and sunbathers have sought highrise dwellings as fervently as helicopter firms in recent times. For high above the teeming city there is to be found all the

things a nudist desires—fresh air, light, and sun!

Long the province of young office girls who stealthily tiptoed to the top of their apartment houses to sun themselves on quiet Saturdays or Sundays, nudist city dwellers have discovered this same oasis and taken to it like lemmings to the sea. Some, who live close to binocular-eyed rooftop voyeurs, erected discreet Shoji-screens or facsimiles and maintained a formidable privacy-barrier in this way. Others, who have no tower-tall neighbors, just pile onto a towel or mattress or *chaise lounge* and sun to a merry tan as alone as if they were on a raft miles from shore.

Local laws allowing such freedoms, rooftop nudism can be a most rewarding experience, and according to its adherents, ever growing in numbers, is most definitely advantageous at times. There are times when it is not opportune to fight the traffic out of town to get to the nudist park. The sundeck on the roof awaits! At times the springtime sun beats the park that was "clothed for the winter" to the punch and you can't wait to get started on your tan. Go skyward young man!

There is something about being above everything, and this doesn't mean a haughty disdain for those abiding in the valleys. No, there is a serenity to be found on rooftops, as every kid who climbed to the barn roof to survey the big wide world will tell you. While the city boils below in bulky uncomfortable clothing, in heat and turmoil, a man can stretch out in sunshine, naked to the blue sky, and toss his worries over the edge like confetti to the passing parade.

Mount Olympus was said by the Greeks to be the abode of the gods, and truly it is on the high places that a man can feel lordly and master of himself. If we have sacrificed myth for reality, such is progress, and it's to the sincere nudist's credit that he has taken advantage of sometimes-restricting modernity and gone to the rooftops. A few hours in the sunlight and fresh air high above the teeming metropolis, will give a man the soaring exhilaration of an Icarus, the newborn look of Dionysus, the healthy mien of an Adonis.

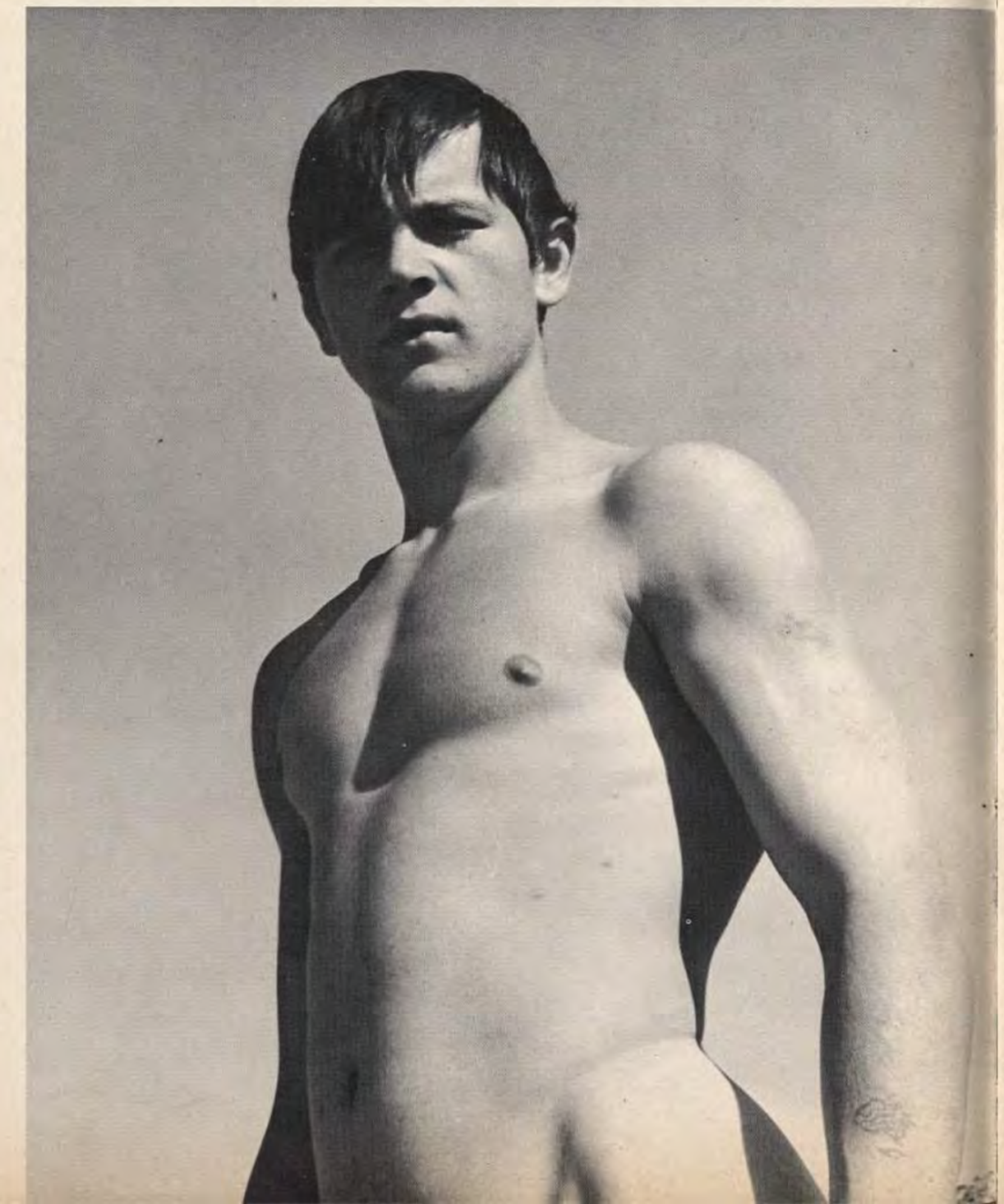
A lot of men who live near their offices use their lunch hours to advantage a la rooftop. Even thirty minutes a day when the sun is at its zenith can bring a healthy glow to one's skin. A sunlamp uses one heck of a lot of juice and the artificial tan that's garnered from one of these devices doesn't compare to the real thing. You can increase your hours in the sun manyfold by stretching out on the roof four or five lunch hours a week. Many city nudists have banded together and shared their roofs with likeminded people who don't have this convenience.

Another thing, too. If there is by chance an ordinance against nudity in your city—why, so what? You don't have to be completely nude to be a rooftop nudist. No nudist insists upon a state of complete nakedness in defiance of local laws. So, a brief bathing suit is sufficient under such conditions, and there is still plenty of freedom left over—not as much as is desireable, but enough.

Rooftop nudists can envision a new era of nudism in the future. Health clubs that rise above the freeways where nudist can enjoy this last frontier in perfect privacy. It's not yet here, but it's not only feasible, it's practically preordained. The cities are getting crowded, the population is exploding, and the countryside is being eaten up at a rapid rate. It is not unlikely that we will have nudist parks in the city and they will have to utilize the roof for the sun area, the pool and shuffleboard courts, etc.

So quit moping around your apartment, you city-bound nudists. There's plenty of room at the top! The rewards are great and there is satisfaction in knowing you're several hundred feet closer to the sun than a great many of your nudist brethren who drove 300 miles to hit the old, crowded park. Your friends at the office will envy you your bronze look after that July weekend when they were trapped in the megalopolis because of the traffic!

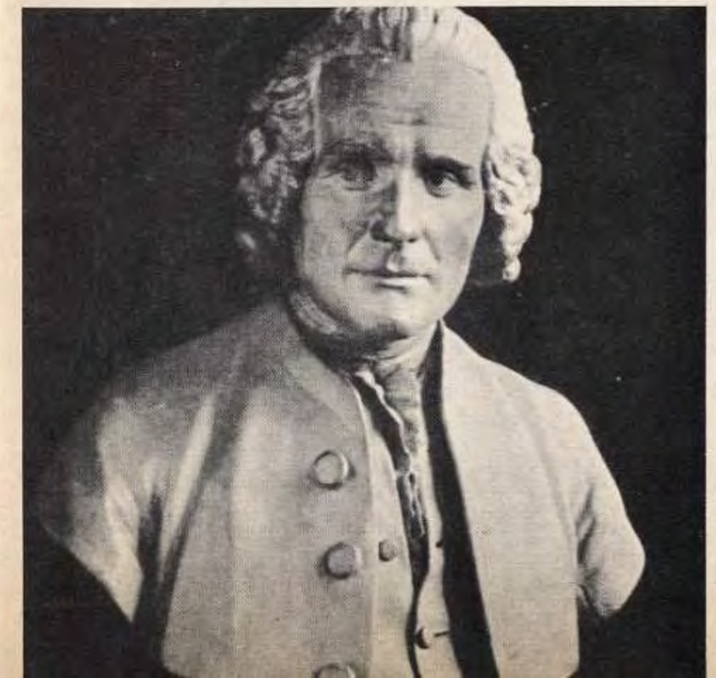
Rousseau: Philosopher of Freedom



By Sean Abramson

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), the great philosopher of the Natural Man, whose writings helped ignite the fuse of the French Revolution and inspired our own Declaration of Independence, was not an actual card-carrying nudist—at least there is no record of his being one—but certainly the living, jumping seed of today's social nudism was contained in his works. And judging by Rousseau's character as revealed in his intimate *Confessions*, he wouldn't have hesitated to shed his cumbersome 18th Century duds at the drop of a cocked hat, if the occasion had arisen.

The revolutionary philosophy of Rousseau,



who maintained that primitive man, the Noble Savage, had been corrupted out of his original state of innocence by the growth and oppressions of civilization, opened up whole new vistas of thought for mankind. In fact, his writings provided the basic well-spring for political, social and philosophical movements and schools of thought ranging from Romanticism to ecumenism, from democracy to psychoanalysis. Without the vital basis provided by J. J. Rousseau, our modern world might be a very different place to live in today.

Of primitive man and his nudity, Rousseau wrote in his famous *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men:*

...Nakedness therefore, and the want of houses, and of all those unnecessaries which we consider as so very necessary, are not such mighty evils in respect to these primitive men, and much less still any obstacle to their preservation. Their skins, it is true, are destitute of hair; but then they have no occasion for any such covering in warm climates; and in cold climates, they soon learn to apply to that use, those of the animals they have conquered.

And in his *Confessions* he said of outdoor life and his working habits:

Never could I do anything when placed at a table, pen in hand; it must be while walking among the rocks or in the woods.

And further:

...Man therefore, in a state of nature where there are so few sources of sickness, can have no great occasion for physic, and still less for physicians; neither is the human species more to be pitied in this respect, than any other species of animals. Ask those who make hunting their recreation or business, if in their excursions they meet with many sick or feeble animals...

Born in Geneva, the son of a humble Swiss clock-maker, Rousseau at the age of thirty-seven, a struggling young copyist and composer, was walking along the road from Paris to Vincennes one hot summer day; as he walked (he recounts in his *Confessions*) he read the *Mercure de France,* "to prevent my hurrying too fast and exhausting myself in the least" – and his eye happened to fall on an announcement that the Academy of Dijon was offering a prize for the best essay upon the question: "Has the progress of the arts and sciences contributed to corrupt or to purify society?" He recorded his reaction:

If ever anything resembled a sudden inspiration, it was the movement which began in me as I read this. All at once I felt myself dazzled by a thousand sparkling lights; crowds of vivid ideas thronged into my mind with a force and confusion that threw me into an unspeakable agitation; I felt my head whirling in a giddiness like that of intoxication. A violent palipitation oppressed me; unable to walk for difficulty of breathing, I sank under one of the trees by the roadside, and passed half an hour there in such a condition of excitement that when I arose I saw that the front of my waistcoat was all wet with my tears, though I was wholly unconscious of shedding them. Ah, if I could ever have written a quarter of what I saw and felt, under that tree, with what clearness should I have revealed all the contradictions of the social system...with what simplicity should I have demonstrated that man is naturally good, and that it is through institutions alone that men have become wicked!

Edmund Wilson, in his introduction to the *Confessions,* declares that this moment of inspired vision, as Rousseau sat weeping and sweating beside the dusty French road on that hot summer day (if he had been a bit more advanced in his radical thought, he might have thrown off his clothes then and there!) marked "the real point of departure of the modern democratic movement." Wilson calls this incident–reminiscent of the sudden dramatic conversion of Paul on the road to Damascus–"the turning-point of the 18th Century."

This incident inspired Rousseau to write his celebrated *Discourse,* which won the Dijon prize and catapulted him into the limelight of controversy that followed him all his life.

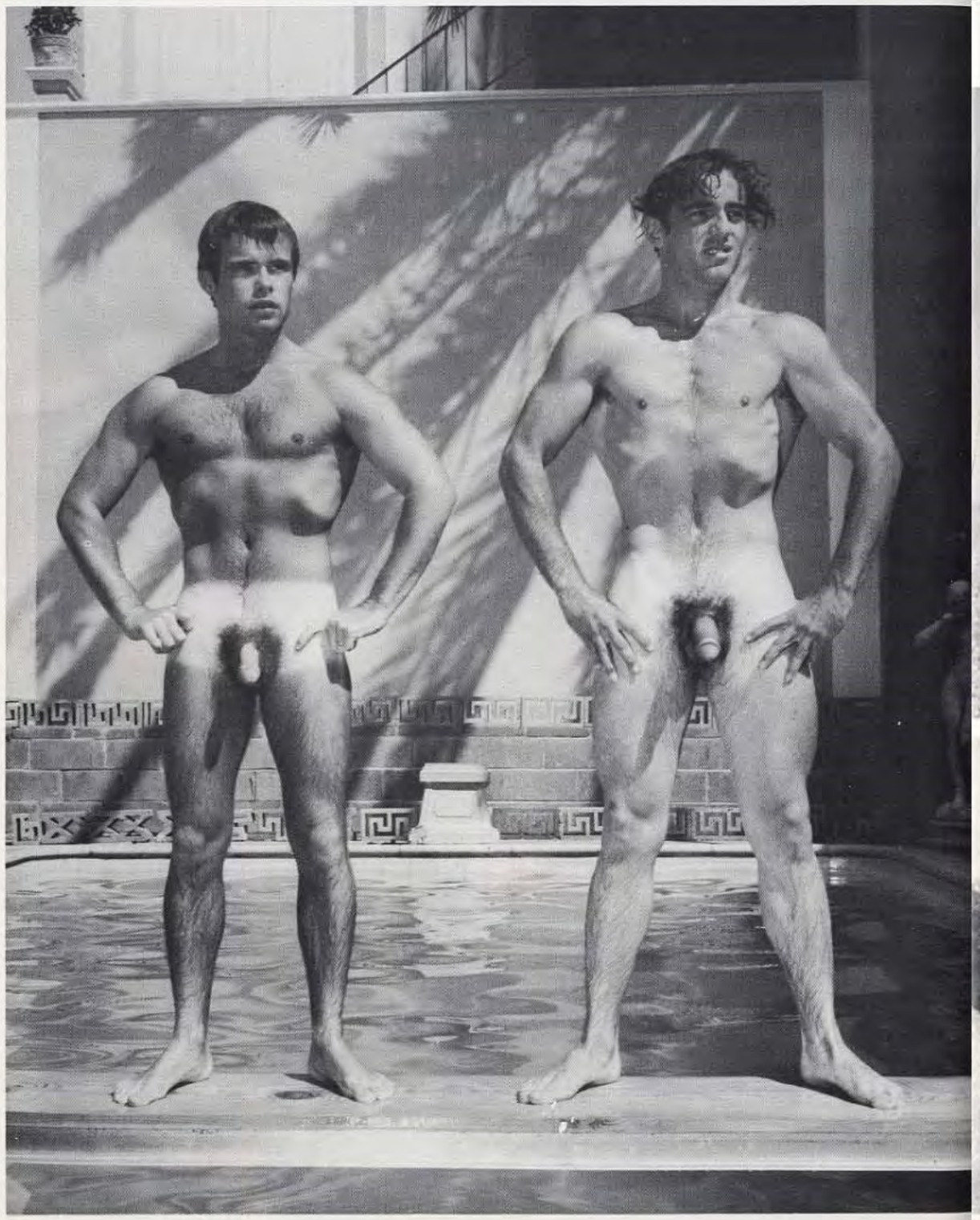
There is no doubt that Rousseau would have gone along enthusiastically with the philosophy of social nudism, of baring one's body in community with other people, of being unashamed of naked nature. In his *Confessions,* he did a good job –the first such intimate writing in literature–of baring his naked *soul:*

...Such as I was, I have declared myself; sometimes vile and despicable, at others virtuous, generous and sublime–even as Thou has read my inmost soul, O Power eternal! Assemble found Thy throne an innumerable throng of my fellow mortals; let them listen to my confession, let them grieve at my indignities, let them blush at my miseries; let each in turn expose with equal sincerity at the foot of Thy throne the wanderings of his own heart, and if he dare, ever: "I was better than that man."

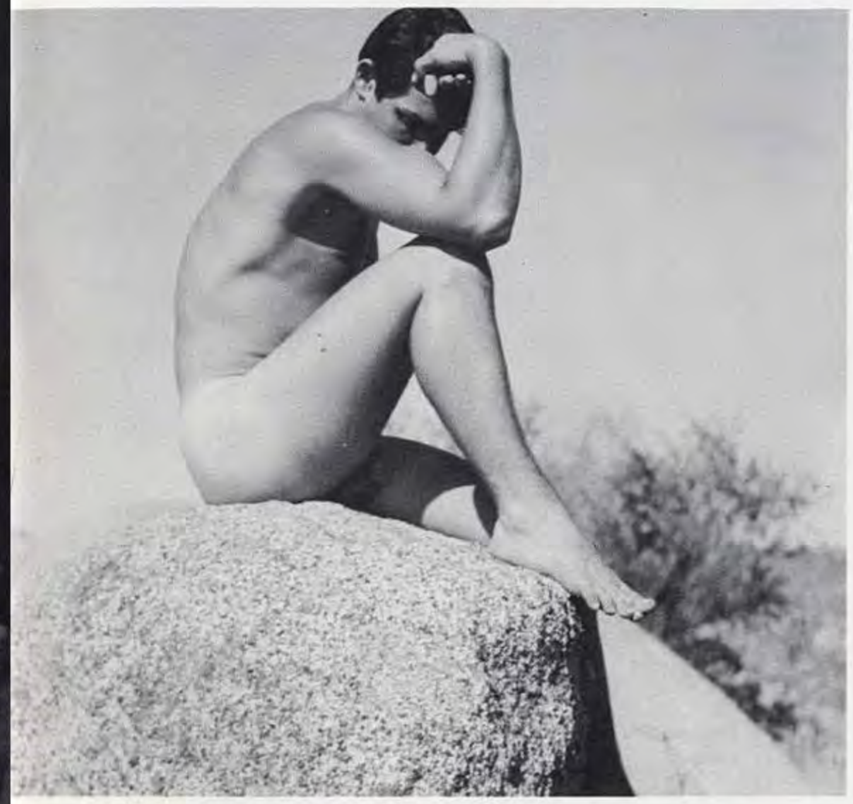
As Matthew Josephson sums up in his (1931) biography of Rousseau:

Jean-Jacques Rosseau was a source-man, one who went back instinctively to the springs of life. Overwhelmingly a creature of emotion, he did not produce a "cathedral of ideas," but in his less systematic and more impassioned search, unearthed an abundance of fresh material too rich and diverse for his own control. He was clairvoyant, and we feel that all his impulses were in the direction of life, where so many others move naturally toward coldness or silence or death...His ideas had a life, a momentum, which carried them irresistibly beyond his own day, down to the present.

In short, it can be said that J. J. Rousseau was the forerunner, the precursor, the herald, of the liberal, untrammeled forward movement of the spirit of man–of which social nudism stands in the vanguard today.



Bare skin life is finding freedom even away from the sheltered atmosphere of the nudist park!



There is a quiet revolution going on in the American nudist movement, one that is almost never spoken of in "official" circles for those official types would like it to go away. The revolution, of course, is the new acceptance of casual nudity away from the confining atmosphere of the nudist park.

THE QUIET REVOLUTION IN NUDISM

In a sense, it is an inevitable revolution, particularly in a nation as strongly individualistic as the United States. Nudism, with a capital N, has always meant social nudism, the type of group organization activity that typifies the average nudist park. And therein lies the seeds of the quiet revolution that is taking place all over the country right now. It is simply that old American feeling of being uncomfortable when going along with a group and subordinating the individual. The cat is out of the bag, so to speak, or more appropriately, the nude is out of the park. And this is a very good thing, both for the individual nudist who likes his nude living where he finds it and for the nudist park.

Now this may seen a bit contradictory that we believe that casual nudism is good for the nudist park, but it is. First, it should certainly open the eyes of park managements everywhere to one of the oldest bugaboos in American nudist movement, the "problem" of single men. It is inevitable that with the widespread acceptance of casual nudity on certain beaches, in private swimming pools, in the desert and forest, places where there is no restriction about who can and who can't belong, the parks will banish the ridiculous barrier against male singles. They will almost have to in order to compete.

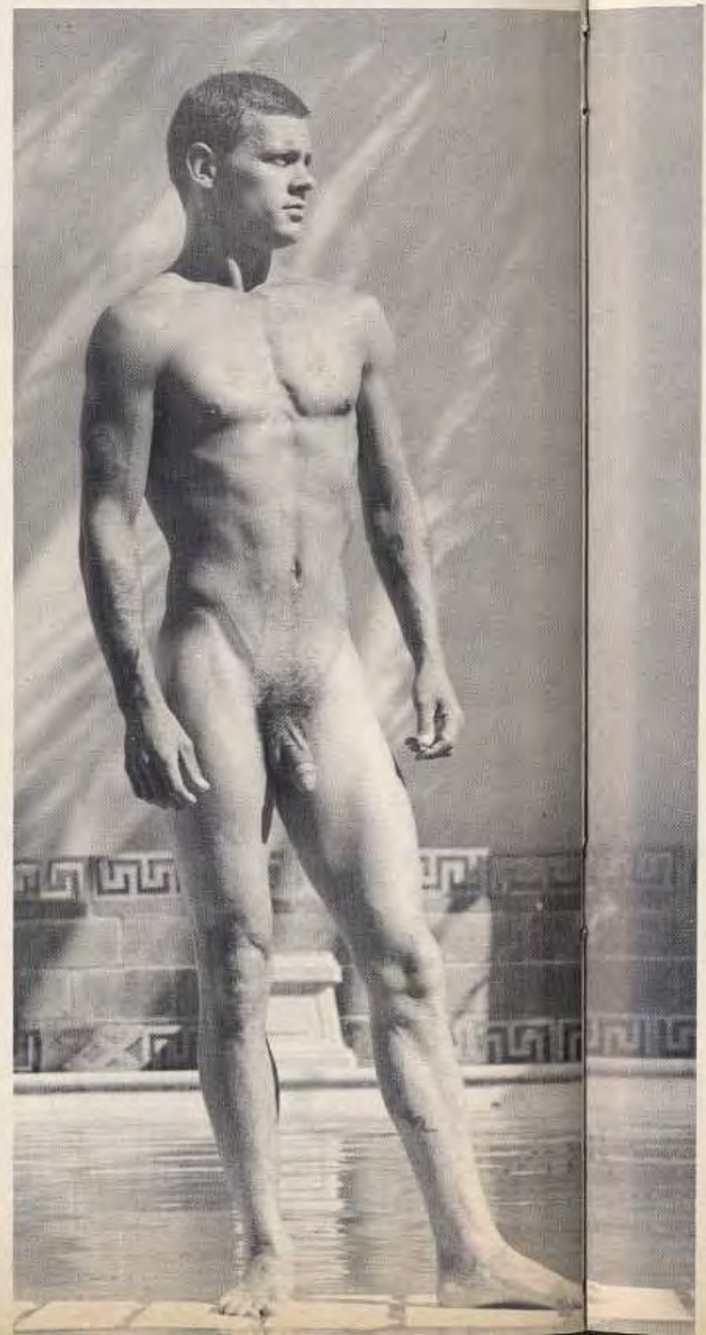
Secondly, in our more enlightened society, the average nudist no longer has the fear that single male nudists are a group of unspeakable lechers. It just ain't so, as the parks who have liberalized their policies on single men will testify.

Those are just two of the benefits that the new casual nudity has brought about. But there are many more, particularly for the individual nudist. Consider only the two factors of time and distance that the casual look in nudism was revolutionized. The time was when anyone who wanted to enjoy the freedom of nudity, he had to take a trip out to a nudist park. This usually entailed a long drive through the country, about two or three hours for most people, and many miles from home.

Obviously, Mr. Average Nudist could only spend a little time being a practicing nudist if he did it only at a nudist park. But anything as beneficial as nudism just could not be limited to the formal grounds of a nudist park. What was good for a weekend was soon found to be just as enjoyable at home, off in the mountains or down at the beach. And thus the quiet revolution towards a broader scope of nudism was born.

Underneath the tans, most nude buffs are aquatically enthusiastic!

Nude in the water



Mankind may have been land-bound for a millenium or two, but he carries a deep love of the water with him no matter where he wanders, from desert to mountain top. It is a primitive love that harks back to the great amniotic sea, creator of life itself.

Poets have praised the feeling that man wants to return to the sea, and no matter how far out into the realm of astronomical space man manages to propel himself, there will always be that basic homage he will pay to the ocean, whre he got his beginnings. And it is back to the sea again that he will go to renew his spirits, refresh himslf from the rigors of hectic living

and still find a mysterious challenge to anything connected with the great bodies of water.

For the active young nudist of today, there is perhaps no greater playground than the vast deserted stretches of beach where he can romp and play in the surf and sunlight and know the tingling feeling of feet polished to a fine degree by the sand.

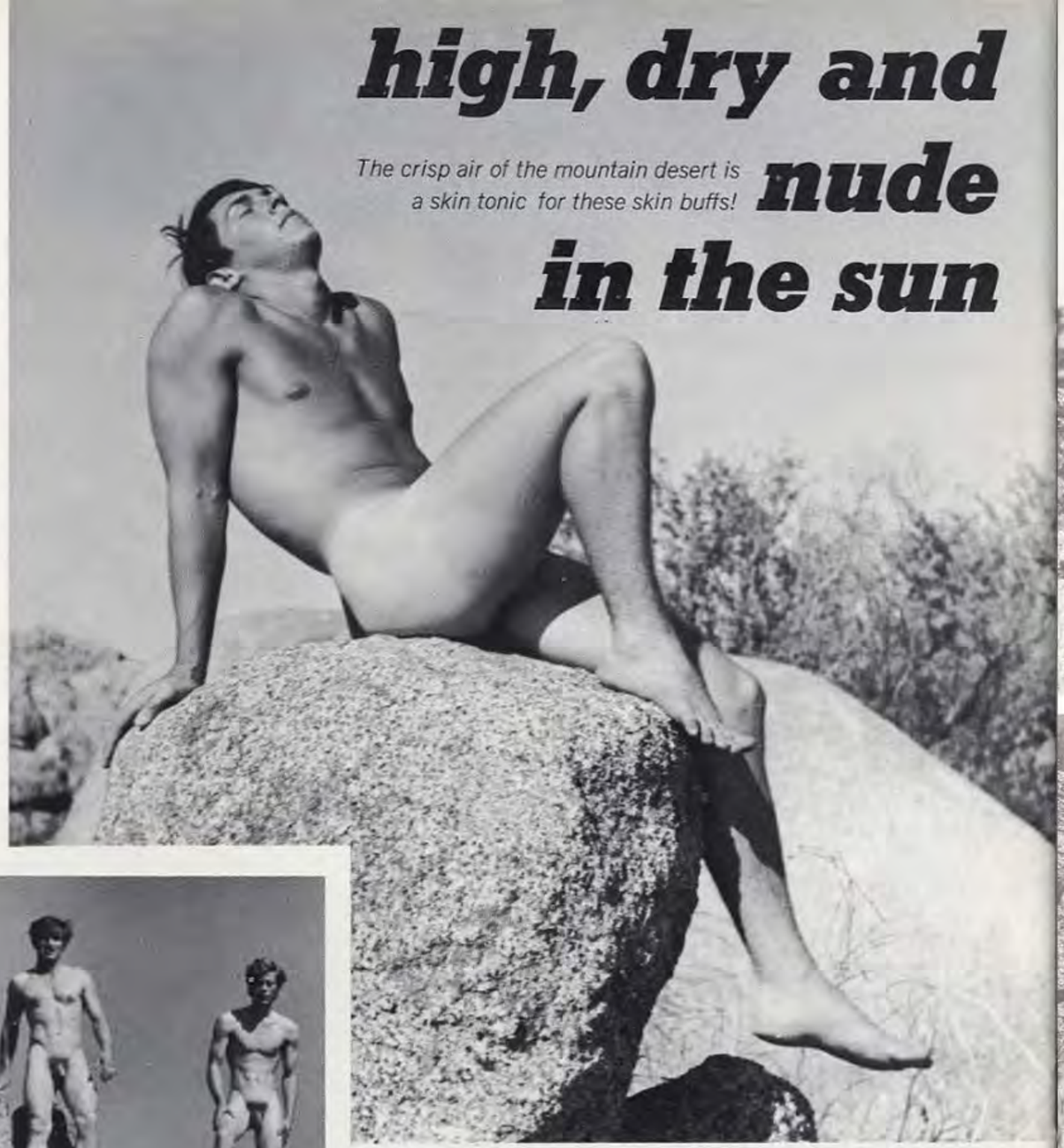
But any kind of water can be a happy place for a nudist be it

a backyard swimming pool or the ocean. Even the sharp sting of a cold shower has a place in the nudist's love of the water.

Somehow nudity and water seem to go together as no other two activities in existence. Scratch a nudist, only figuratively, of course, and one is certain to find an ardent fan of all kinds of aquatic activities. The comforting power of the ocean, like the great feeling of naturalness that nudity itself gives to the human psyche, opens paths of relaxation that no other sport can. It doesn't matter whether one swims out over the breakers or just sits in the damp warm sand building castles, the sound of the sea, or babbling brook or backyard pool, holds its own kind of magic for the active nudist.

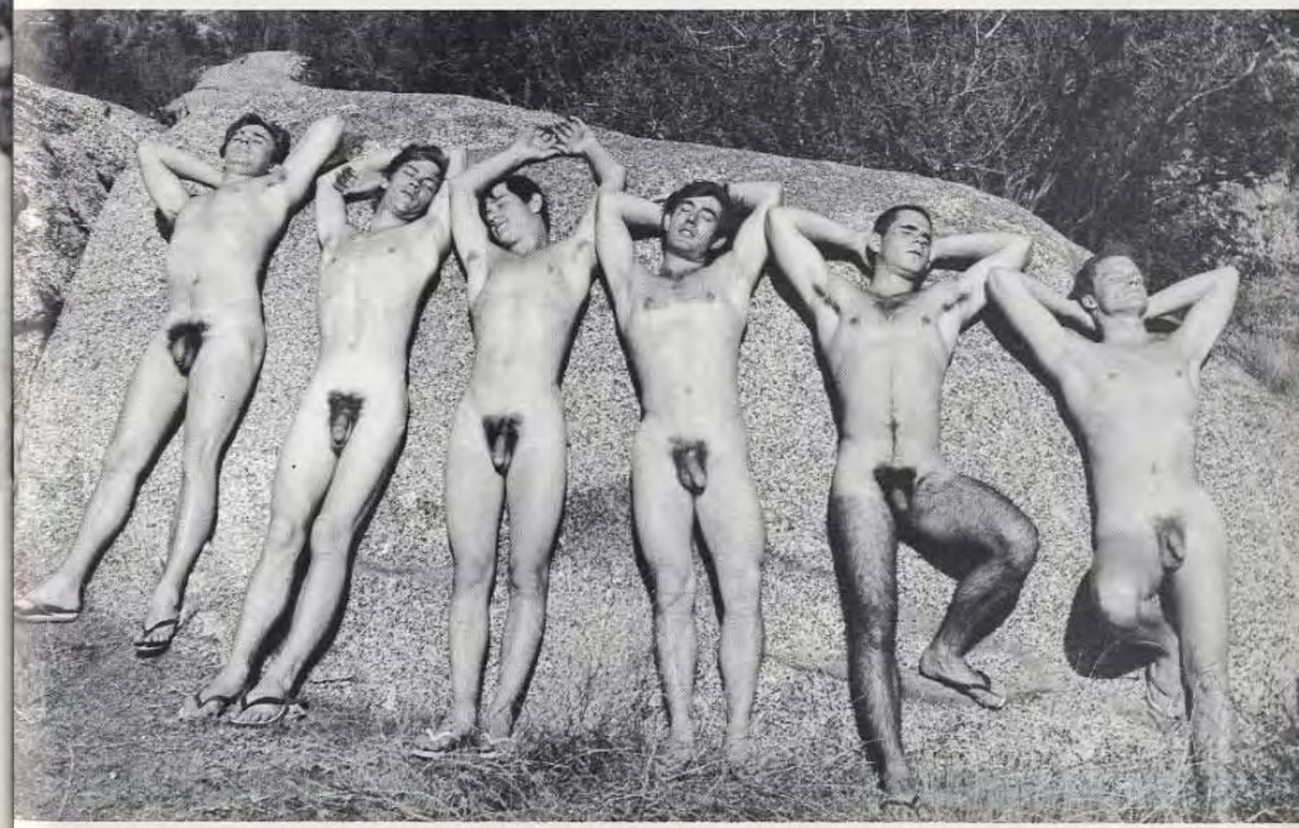
high, dry and nude in the sun

The crisp air of the mountain desert is a skin tonic for these skin buffs!



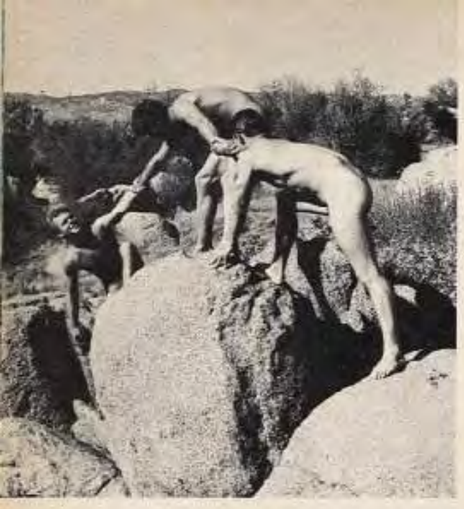
Southern California male nudists have just about any kind of climate imaginable from which to choose. There is that enormous ocean on the west and the mountains on the east, both of which offer distinctively different kinds of climate in which to enjoy nudity. But often overlooked between these two delightful places to sunbathe and sport is that old place in between, the desert.

The average person may be surprised at this suggestion that the desert is a great place to sunbathe, since it is commonly thought to be a pretty hostile place, fit only for rattlesnakes



and crusty old prospectors. The desert is a hostile place, of course, but only to those who venture into it without the proper preparation.

For the smart male nudist, however, the desert offers a pretty exciting place in which to practice nudism. The sun is hot and the air is dry, two ingredients that make for a deep, lustrous tan in



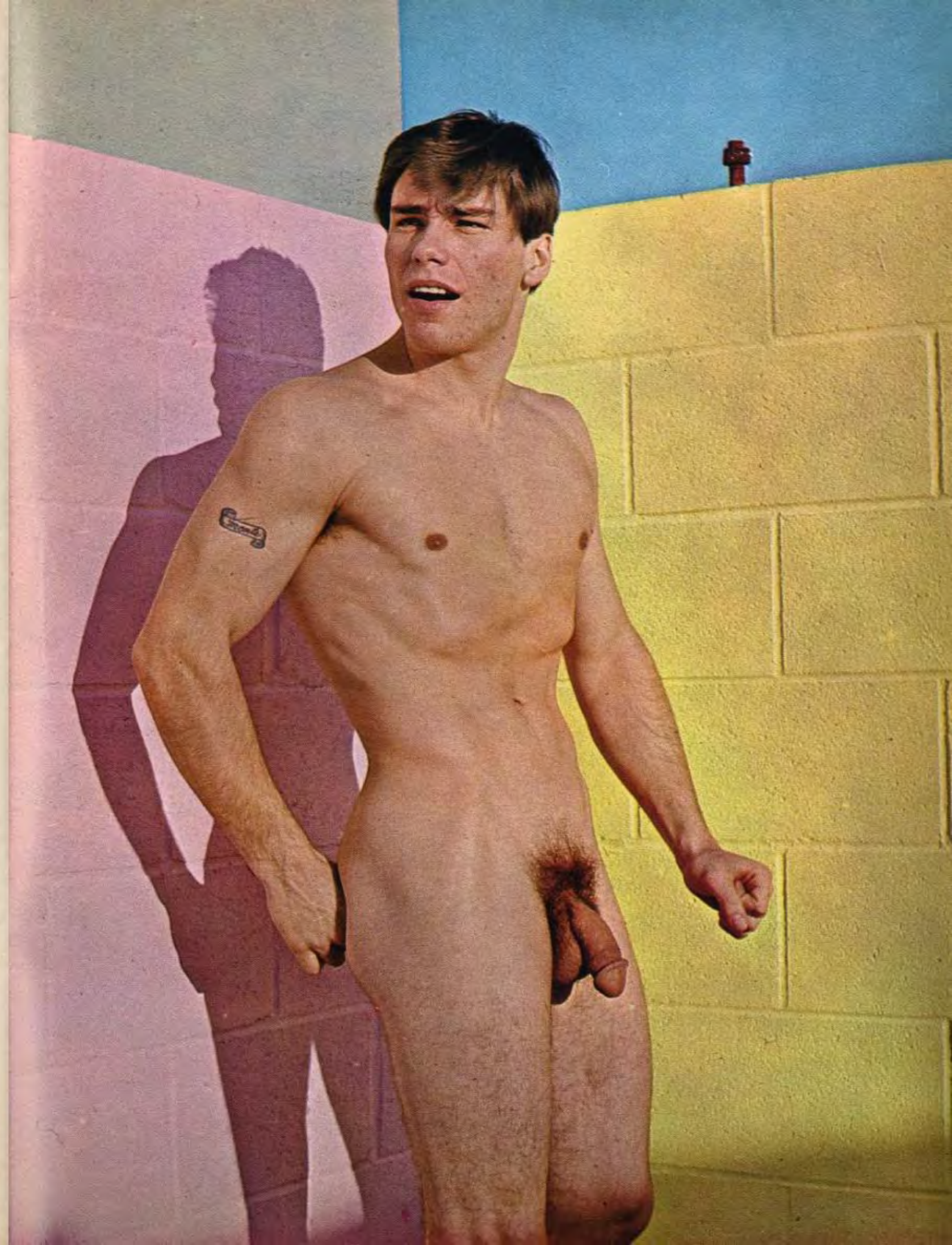
half the time. And that crisp dry air acts like a giant sauna bath on city-clogged sinuses.

The only preparations that one should make for a desert sunbathing safari are those of common sense. The sun will burn very hot here where there is hardly ever any protective sky covering of clouds. So it is advisable to take just a little bit of sun at a time, gradually building up to bigger and

bigger time periods in the sun. Obviously, anyone coming to the desert should make adequate preparation for plenty of fresh drinking water — substitute pop or ice cold beer if your tastes run in that direction. And be sure to bring along plenty of extra suntan lotion for it will evaporate twice as fast in the hot sun and the dry air.

Once the basic preparations are attended to, there is excitement at every turn in the desert. Hundreds of varieties of birds make the desert their home for the dedicated bird-watcher. And a dried up creek often shows up a few nuggets of gold, semi-precious stones and even arrowheads from the long, long ago.

But just plain old hiking around the dunes is good enough for a high, dry — and nude — time in the desert!



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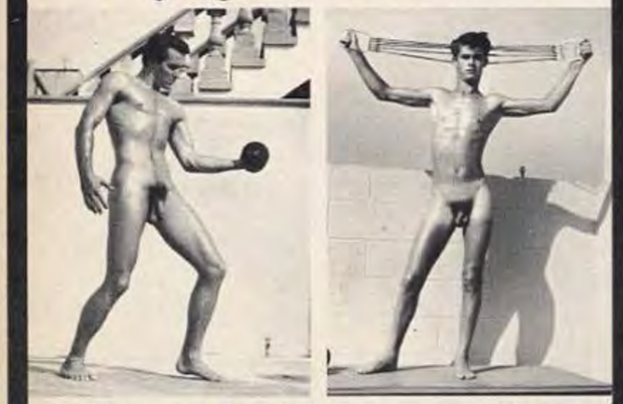

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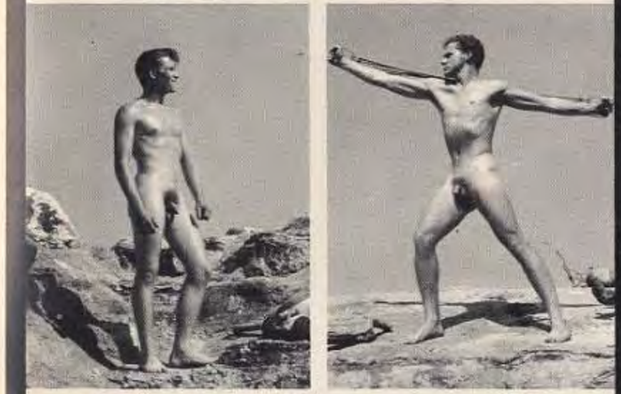

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